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A

STORM:

WITH THE DESCRIPTION OF A

WATER-SPOUT;

A

SHOAL of DOLPHINS;

AND

Other ominous Appearances.

BURY ST. EDMUND'S:

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INTRODUCTION.

NOtwithſtanding the variety of Storm Pieces, that have already been given to the World as well in *Verſe* as in *Proſe*, Nature will ever diſcover a degree of novelty in her extraordinary exertions that will afford freſh entertainment and ſpeculation to every diſcerning Perſon.

THIS it is that encourages the Author to preſent the Public with a performance grounded on ſome facts within his own obſervation, and ſomewhat embelliſhed by occaſional narra-

tives retained from a courſe of Voyage reading.

As a juvenile production he ſubmits it to their indulgence, conſcious it is not without faults.---He thinks from his own experience, it will not be found to exaggerate the bounds of Nature, by thoſe who are at all acquainted with the boiſterous temper of that tremendous element the Ocean, and if it anſwers the purpoſe of a momentary amuſement to his Readers, it is all the end he has in view.

The Author.

A STORM:

WITH THE

Deſcription of a WATER SPOUT, &c.

A Liquid Column, black with ſmoke, deſcends,
And from the Welkin to the Sea unites,
Drinking, with greedy thirſt, the briny deep:
The curling billows, like a Whirlwind, foam,
As round and round the fluid vortex flies,
Nearer and nearer it approaches ſtill,

While cautious we, leſt it approach too near
And in the dreadful whirling torrent caught,
Deſtruction cloſe our melancholy day.—
Attentive now th' undaunted Veſſel fires
Her thundering broadſide thro' the tow'ring foe:—
Loud Echo fills the Air with dreadful ſound,
The trembling Trumpet, watery volume burſts;
A deluge from on high comes pouring down,
The Sea around the liquid ſpout recedes,
And white with foam the whirling ſurges fly.—
The tranſitory cauſe of dread now paſt,
Sudden the Whirlwind and the Sea ſubſide.

From a dead calm ſprang up a ſouthern breeze,

The

The lowring Clouds impelled came rolling on:
Approaching to the Veſſel's ſtern appear
A ſhoal of ſportive Dolphins; Ocean glows
From the reflection of their burniſhed ſcales;
And ſoon the Crew the baited hook prepare,
With triple prong of barbed ſteel, to dart.
A ſkilful Sailor, leaning o'er the ſtern,
With ſteady hand the deadly weapon graſps,
And eager waits to dart it on his prey;
Occaſion offers, and he proves his ſkill:
The fated victim comes within his reach,
Unerring aimed, uplifted o'er his head,
Raiſes the lance, and plunging, ſtrikes him through:
Soon on the deck the panting object lies;

While wreathing to and fro', with pain convulſed,
And ebbing life at every guſh of blood,
What various hues of brilliancy appear!
Brighter, at firſt, far more than burniſhed gold,
Than radiant ſaphires next, ſuperior far,
Anon a deeper dye, to equal this
The flaming crimſon muſt be taught to bluſh;
And gaſping now its laſt, as tho' it mourned,
In outward garb, its melancholy fate,
The kingly purple fixes o'er the whole.

And next, a troop of Porpoiſes appear;
Gambol, and bound aloft, and down again;
Sagacious they, as to avoid the ſtorm,

Fleeteſt

Fleeteſt of finny race, to leeward bend,
And on the ſurface of the azure main,
Like Oil, their ſmoothened tracks awhile remain.

Now calms and ſqualls alternate had prevailed;
The freſh'ning breeze, and thickened clouds, increaſe,
And duſky night o'erſhades the vault of Heaven.
In ſilent pomp, majeſtically proud,
The Veſſel ſpreads her canvas to the gale;
Behind a watery ſcreen, pale glimmered o'er
The long protracted Cloud, the waning Moon;
Around her ſhone, portentous of the ſtorm,
A dizzy ring, with parting meteors croſt.---
The forked Lightening ſtreak the compaſs round,

And diſtant rumbling Thunder ſhakes the deep.
The curling billows riſe with feathered heads,
Shew ſparkling meteors at each ſudden flaſh,
And mark a diſmal black horizon round.
Dark ſcuds fly, ſwift as thought, acroſs the Moon,
The winds increaſe, the blackened Ocean foams,
And, like a monſter, burſts, with many heads.

The Storm now at its heigth, with fear appall'd,
The conſcious Veſſel ſhakes; the trembling maſts
Now bend beneath the weight of wind and ſail;
The Seas run mountains high; between each wave
To ſight tremendous, a wide chaſm appears;
The ſkilful Helmſman waits the coming Sea:

Aſpiring

Aſpiring to the Clouds the Veſſel mounts
Triumphant, riding o'er the mountain wave;
Then down the vale of Ocean, rapid falls
Half-buried in the cloſing gulph around;
Inſtant deſtruction threatens to the whole.

And now along the rugged main ſhe reels,
Her broadſide, ſweeping, laves the briny deep
Aloft again ſhe mounts, but in her flight
Feels all the fury of combining foes.
A monſtrous wave, mountain on mountains high,
Foaming with rage, oppoſes her aſcent:—
Th' experienced Steerſman ſo directs her prow,
Boldly to meet the threatening enemy;

His

His only hope t' avert th' impending fate,
Preſuming not to ſtem its power unhurt.

Now all attentive to the threatening ſtroke,
Secure, as beſt may be, ſome powerful hold;
Reſigned they wait the blow;—nor long they wait—
The foaming mountain-monſter, threatening roars,
And on a ſudden burſts in one rude ſhock;
The lofty Veſſel trembles and rebounds;
The Sailors ſtand appalled:—But BRITONS ſtill,
Firm to their truſt, tho' almoſt wearied out,
With ſuch inceſſant labor overpower'd,
Nobly they ſcorn to ſhrink, when Duty calls!
Havock and diſorder o'er the deck prevails,

Would

Would e'en ſtrike terror to the boldeſt heart.
'Spite of the bellowing of the foamy waves
And the loud war of rattling elements,
Attentive to each call, th' intrepid Crew,
Hear the ſhrill whiſtle of the Boatſwain's pipe,
And inſtant order takes it's wonted place.—

This dreaded hydra of the deep now huſhed,
The raging of the Ocean ſeems to flag,
As tho' exerted all its power and ſtrength,
Concentred in one point to overwhelm ;—
Failing in this, the diſappointment qualms.
Now by degrees, tho' ſlow, the ſtorm ſubſides ;
And pitying Phœbus ſends a milder ray.

Each rolling wave, propelling wave along,
In slowly lingering folds, now lags behind,
Nor fears its fellow treading on its heel.
Boisterous no more,—the hollow roaring winds
In mutual concord with the lessening waves;
And quickly now the lowring Clouds divide;
Between each Cloud bursts forth the azure blue
Of smiling Skies, that team with fairer hopes;
The Day begins to break—the Sun beams forth—
And all is calm serenity again.—

FINIS.